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VOLUME 7 NUMBER 3

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OUR PASSION FOR PINUPS

THAT DEEP THROAT GIRL!

HER BODY'S NOT FOR PAY

FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY
Sale to Minors Prohibited

VOLUME 7 **LINE&FORM** NUMBER 3

THE BEAUTIFUL FEMININE FORM

KAYE 4
AUDREY 7
GALE 13
DAISY 16
SHERRY 22
CAROL 28
TOP PROS 34
IDA 42
BETSY 46
MARSHA 54
EVELYN 58
NEW ARRIVALS ON THE MODELING SCENE 60

APPROPRIATE PROSE

OUR PASSION FOR PINUPS
an article by Sue Varian 10
THAT DEEP THROAT GIRL!
an article by Cathy West 18
NUDITY IN THE NEWS
a column by Robert Juxton 26
HER BODY'S NOT FOR PAY
fiction by Marc Shores 50

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EDITORIAL

Last Tango in Paris proves something that anyone of average brain power would have guessed long ago—that the average adult American can go to a motion picture theater and view not only "full frontal nudity" but acts of sexual intercourse and not go forth into the streets to orgy on the curb or commit rape or molest children. It might be said that at long last here is a film which treats adults like adults, and not as children eager to catch a glimpse of Jane Russell's bosom, and hear a suggestive line before a "blackout." No, this film doesn't blackout the sex, and no four-letter words are minced. It is all there, as people live it, as they speak it.

And, we are inclined to believe, that is exactly why, for all its X-rating and uproar, it is *not* a very sexy movie. It's difficult to imagine anyone being shocked by it, because it is so uncompromisingly honest. This holds true even though the camera angles do not present the acts of intercourse in as explicit detail as is seen in, say, *Deep Throat*, or even *I Am Curious—Yellow*. Yet *Last Tango in Paris* establishes new criteria for the presentation of nudity and sex in films. One emerges from the theater feeling not that he's seen a sexy movie, but that he has been present during a very human drama. The film has thereby opened new vistas to the presentation of life . . . and love.

Although the function of a magazine is somewhat different than that of a motion picture, we would like you to feel that we have accomplished something of the same end in this issue. For here you'll meet girls as willing to show their all as Maria Schneider, and, through our prose, learn a bit about the world of professional nudity in which they live.

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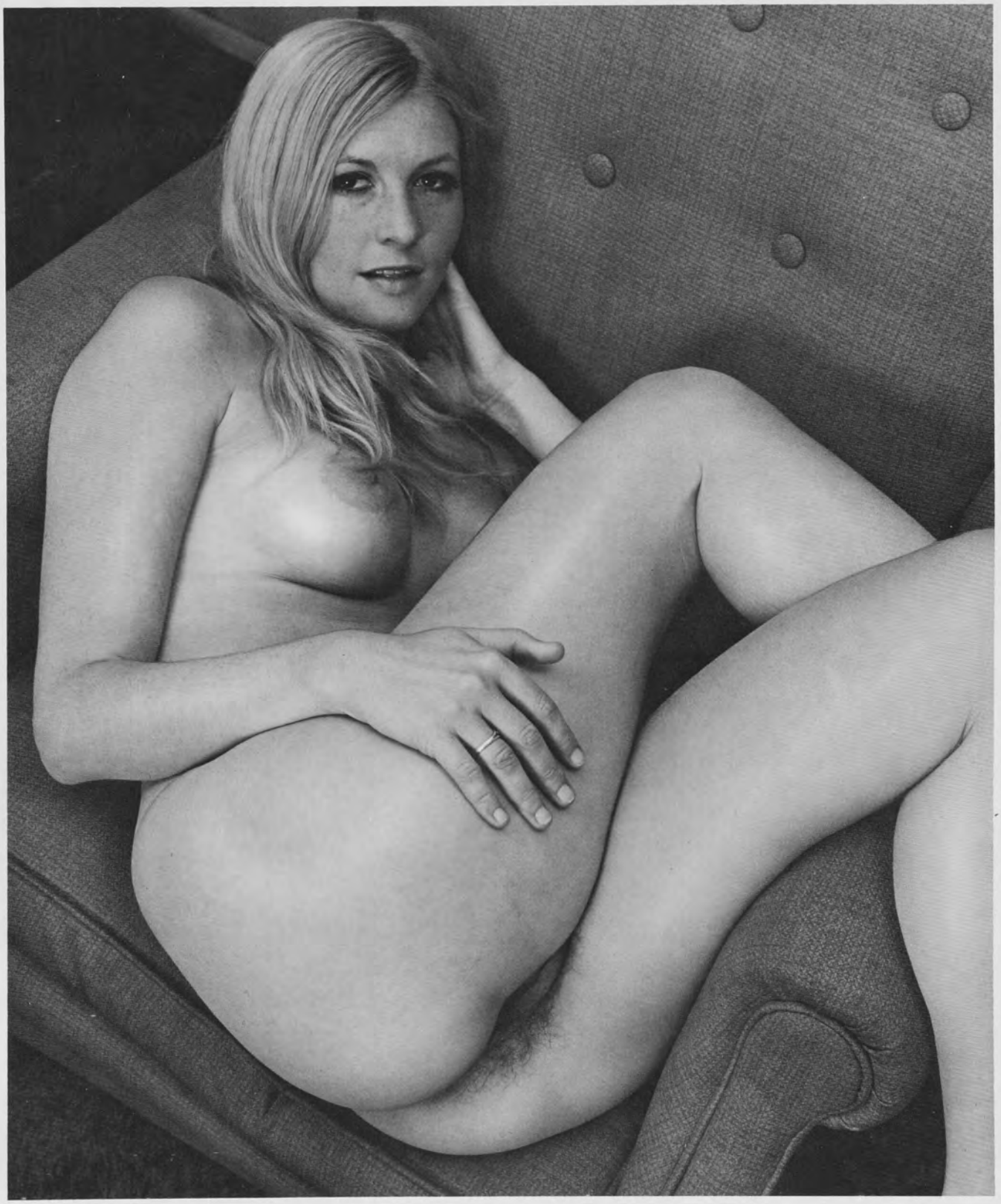
KAYE

Here's a girl who's following in her mother's footsteps! Kaye's mother was posing for photographers back in the early fifties, when men's magazines were beginning to bud.

"Mom says everyone felt the taboos they had then were pretty silly, and photos in today's magazines are more natural," says Kaye.

AUDREY

Audrey's from a town named Loogootee, Indiana. Her modeling career began there when an elderly amateur photographer paid her a percentage of sales on the photos he took of her. Well, almost.



For his photos drew interest from photo editors not for his photography but for his model. Consequently, the photos never sold, but she did start making modeling money from pros.

OUR PASSION FOR PINUPS

THE WORD "CHEESECAKE" WASN'T ASSOCIATED WITH THE FEMININE FORM UNTIL 1915, BUT MEN'S INTEREST IN DRAWINGS AND PHOTOS OF PROVOCATIVE WOMEN DATES FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME. HERE'S A MODEL'S EYE VIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ART!

BY SUE VARIAN

"Why, this is better than cheesecake," a New York newspaper editor exclaimed.

And with that remark, the word cheesecake never again meant just dessert. The picture which supposedly inspired the "better than cheesecake" pronouncement was one photographer George Miller had taken of Elvira Amazar, a visiting singer from Russia. Upon greeting the diva at the boat, Miller asked her to hike up her skirt a little—and she did. The year was 1915.

This story came as a surprise to me. I always thought "cheesecake" had something to do with saying "cheese" for the camera.

I've said "cheese" for photographers from magazines such as this one, but I've never been certain as to just what cheesecake photography was. I always had the nagging suspicion that the kind of modeling I did wasn't quite in the same class as cheesecake.

Although cheesecake isn't normally a subject that interests women—except to find fault with it—it seemed to me that understanding cheesecake better would increase my intimate understanding of men.

Call it prying if you like, but I

A group of pinup lovelies from *Footlight Parade.*

Mark Gabor, author of *The Pin-up*, says this photo can't be called cheesecake!

keep harboring the idea that men have rich erotic imaginations which they rarely disclose to women, maybe because we're part of it all. I don't mind occupying a place in men's erotic imaginations. Not at all; I find it flattering, but I'd like to find out who I've got for company in this mysterious region.

"The cheesecake image," writes Mark Gabor in *The Pin-Up: A Modest History,* "is based on notions of teasing and allure—and frequently humor as well." Cheesecake, according to Gabor, is just one variety of the pinup.

Gabor continues, "The classic cheesecake pinup shows a curvy woman, sumptuous breasts exposed (or nearly exposed), posing coquettishly in a predictable, stylized setting—a bedroom, perhaps, or a studio, beach, or theatrical environment. There are in cheesecake endless variations of setting, pose, and anatomical emphasis. . . . There is an equally large range of esthetic quality in cheesecake pinups."

Cheesecake, as Gabor points out elsewhere, never exists for esthetic reasons alone.

Still, cheesecake isn't all that easy to pin down. There are some-things that cheesecake definitely is not. Artistic nudity is one. Famous paintings of nude girls—until Pop art, at least—don't qualify as cheesecake. Maybe it's because works like Raphael's or Botteceilli's women are so innocently, so unconsciously, nude. Arty photography doesn't qualify either.

Cheesecake depends not so much on photographic or artistic technique as on the pose and the expression of the model. In cheesecake, a girl's body can be fairly covered up, providing the clothes are attractive. What counts is a seductive pose and a seductive look at the viewer. One of the photographic examples in Gabor's book illustrates this better than theory alone.

The picture is from the 1940s, as the off-the-face hairstyle betrays. The girl's shoes, though, are of the high-heeled, platformed, strappy variety very much on the scene again in the '70s. Other parts of her costume are ageless: ostrich headgear, sheer and sequinned blouse, black net stockings.

What makes it cheesecake is, first of all, the semi-nudity. There's nothing between the blouse and the stocking tops except a cute little bare rump, invitingly displayed as the model bends over slightly. In days when pubic hair couldn't be shown, there was nothing to prevent a model from suggesting by her pose that she'd like to be mounted dog fashion.

Now back in the 1940s, this girl couldn't have turned around wearing what she's wearing here, but some sort of frontal pose, obscuring genitals with an expanse of thigh or calf, would have been permissible. It would still have been cheesecake, provided the girl kept on with that coy, provocative smile.

Yes, the face is almost as important as the figure in cheesecake. While there's usually some nudity in a cheesecake picture, it's possible sometimes to identify a photo of a girl in a sweater as cheesecake if her expression is naughty enough.

What's more, it would be a mistake to view whatever clothes are present in cheesecake pictures as a cumbersome necessity. Cumbersome, they're not, but they are indeed a necessity. Good cheesecake uses dark stockings, frilly negligees, tight garters and other items of apparel that are erotic in themselves. The purpose of cheesecake isn't to show it all, but to *tease*.

Cheesecake is erotic, of course, although it's not really a part of the grand tradition of erotica in pictures. As Mark Gabor points out, England lagged far behind Axerica in the last century after pinups first appeared. Pinups of all kinds were printed for mass circulation in America during the late 1900s. The custom didn't catch on in England —not because of Queen Victoria's stronghold, but because those who could afford it already had playing cards or other pictures explicitly showing sexual acts.

Well-to-do men in Victorian England had their choice of pictures showing heterosexual activities, lesbian lovemaking, leather lore and just about anything you could name (and probably some that you couldn't). Such pictures, of course, were carefully guarded.

Another kind of erotica found its way to America, though, in the form of French postcards. The ones that

—continued on page 45

She'd really like to be a female successor to Benny Goodman, but there's less interest in her clarineting

GALE

than there is in her modeling ability, so Gale finds herself modeling more and more and tootling less and less.

But the lady has a plan to thwart that situation: she is putting together an all-girl nude band. She's not ready to take the show on the road yet, though, "Because we still look better than we sound."

daisy

Daisy is a doctor's daughter, and modeling nude came naturally to her. Why? Because her father's a gynecologist who had his office and home in one building. "Sometimes we'd forget the rules," she relates, "and go into his office to ask if we could have candy or something and he'd be examining a patient."

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Linda Lovelace, inspiration for, and star of, the film *Deep Throat*.

THAT DEEP THROAT GIRL!

BY CATHY WEST

SHE'S SHOT FROM OBSCURITY TO STARDOM IN A SINGLE BOUND— AND ALL BECAUSE OF A SEXUAL SPECIALTY ONCE UNMENTIONABLE!

The hardcore flick *Deep Throat* may be the turning point that puts some real prestige into porn. And it's about time critics stopped dismissing erotic cinema as, well, an ugly stepsister to legitimate films. Legitimate films, the high-budget ones at least, are getting more and more explicit. So why shouldn't erotic films start getting better?

Anybody who has watched many skin flicks knows there's room for improvement in the genre.

The success of *Deep Throat* hinges not so much on using more sophisticated film techniques but almost exclusively on the rare talent of its star, Linda Lovelace, who was the inspiration for the film.

Nobody's sure whether or not Linda can act. In *Deep Throat* all she has to do is *be herself*. For most people—from seasoned hardcore fans to less shock-proof critics—that's quite enough. Linda has, you see, that often fictionalized but rare-in-real-life talent for giving head very, very deeply. Her gimmick is that she has no gag reflex at all.

Like most skin flicks, *Deep Throat* came about through sheer happenstance. Its makers were pros who were fishing for a new idea, when one of them got Linda on the hook.

Before Linda, as Lou Perry says, "We were just going to do another *Mona*."

Mona was an erotic film they'd seen and liked, but is one of many such pictures which has drifted into oblivion.

Then writer-director Gerald Damiano spotted Linda Lovelace at a party doing her thing right there in front of everybody. He'd never seen anything quite like it, as he said afterwards. He left the party and started driving over New York's Fifty-Ninth Street bridge. On the bridge he conceived the idea of *Deep Throat*. Overnight Damiano Film Productions was born.

Deep Throat is about a girl who fails to get satisfaction from ordinary intercourse.

"I want to hear bells ringing, dams bursting, rockets exploding," she says.

A doctor diagnoses the problem: her clitoris is in her throat, nine inches down. And the cure for her ills is, of course, fellatio. From then on bells ring and dams burst and rockets explode for Linda and whoever her lucky partner happens to be.

Not only can she take it all in, she loves it. She really convinces other people—and perhaps herself as well—that she has orgasms in her throat.

In more ways than one, Linda Lovelace is every man's dream. There are other girls like her, to be sure, but probably every man has, at one time or another, wished that *all* girls could come that way.

Linda is also, as Richard Hill, who interviewed her for *Oui*, found, quite a startling personality.

He writes: *It was like seeing the ingenue from* Bonjour Tristesse *appear to David Niven in mesh hose and garter belt. She was innocence and carnality, an All-American Next-Door Lollipop and La Belle Fellatrix. She had it all put together.*

And Richard Hill followed Linda from New York to Florida, flirting, playing footsy under restaurant tables they shared with her old man. Nothing came of it but fantasy, but what a fantasy it was!

Incredible, this high school hand-holding with a girl who fucks on a large screen, he writes. *Then I realize what I've done. I've idiotically and unconsciously been pursuing my part of the Linda fantasy—the All-American Lollipop —and she's been responding that way. She's feeding my fantasy of her, like the good little professional she is.*

Good little professional that she is, Linda might have responded just as well to the Belle Fellatrix fantasy, too.

More than one interviewer, though, endeavoring to get an "in-depth interview" with the star of *Deep Throat,* has come away less than satisfied. Richard Hill finally posed just two questions.

One was: *Linda, why do you make porn flicks and how does it feel and all, you know what I mean?* (Hill counts all of that as one question.)

Her response: *Because I'm an exhibitionist. I dig doing it. I want everybody to see it. And I make good money.*

All in all, these are good reasons for doing what she does. Making money, in itself, wouldn't be enough, but she digs doing it and wants people to see her doing it. She not only feeds fantasies, she makes pornutopia come true.

Hill also asked: *How do you do the thing with your throat?*

She smiled and said, *Everyone knows the answer to that one.*

Not really, Linda, there are girls who'd love to know, step by step, just how it's done.

Women's Wear Daily, the garment industry's trade magazine which got to Linda first, got about as far into this mystifying star as anybody else has since then. She gave them this description of herself: *I'm just a simple girl who likes to go to swinging parties and nudist colonies.*

This simple girl is, of course, beyond feminist and anti-feminist arguments, so far beyond that the feminists themselves feel that some kind of attack is necessary, but they don't know what to focus on.

Nora Ephron spills out her confusion in *Esquire,* where her whole February column is devoted to Linda Lovelace and *Deep Throat:*

. . . after all, I can toss off phrases like 'split beaver' with almost devil-may-care abandon, and I came out of the theater a quivering fanatic. Give me the goriest Peckinpah any day.

What Nora Ephron finds particularly disturbing is a scene where Linda has a glass dildo inside her and her partner fills it with coke then drinks it. *All I could think about was what would happen if the glass broke,* Nora admits.

Others thought this was the high point of the film, and Linda says, *Actually I think the funniest thing that happened when we were shooting was when we did that scene. They were going to shoot a little bit more, but someone said something and I started laughing and the glass dildo went flying into the air and cracked into a million pieces.*

And here's Linda Lovelace, back home in Texas with her boyfriend, describing it all to Nora Ephron who is calling from New York. Nora Ephron isn't bitchy, she's trying to be a good journalist and dig into the nitty-gritty so she'll understand the Lovelace phenomenon. And she deserves credit because few of her fellow feminists bother with good journalism (or writing for men's magazines).

The exchange goes like this.

Nora: *How do you feel about being recognized on the street?*

Linda: *It's a kind of a goof.*

And pretty soon things have been turned around.

Linda: *Would you be nervous if you walked around nude and strangers saw you?*

Nora: *Yes.*

Linda: *See? I wouldn't.*

I did not expect what is happening, Nora Eprhon confesses, *which is that we seem to be spending as much time talking about me and what Miss Lovelace clearly thinks of as my problems as we are about her and what I clearly think of as her problems.*

Nora tries again: *Why do you shave off your pubic hair in the film?*

Linda: *I always do. I like it.*

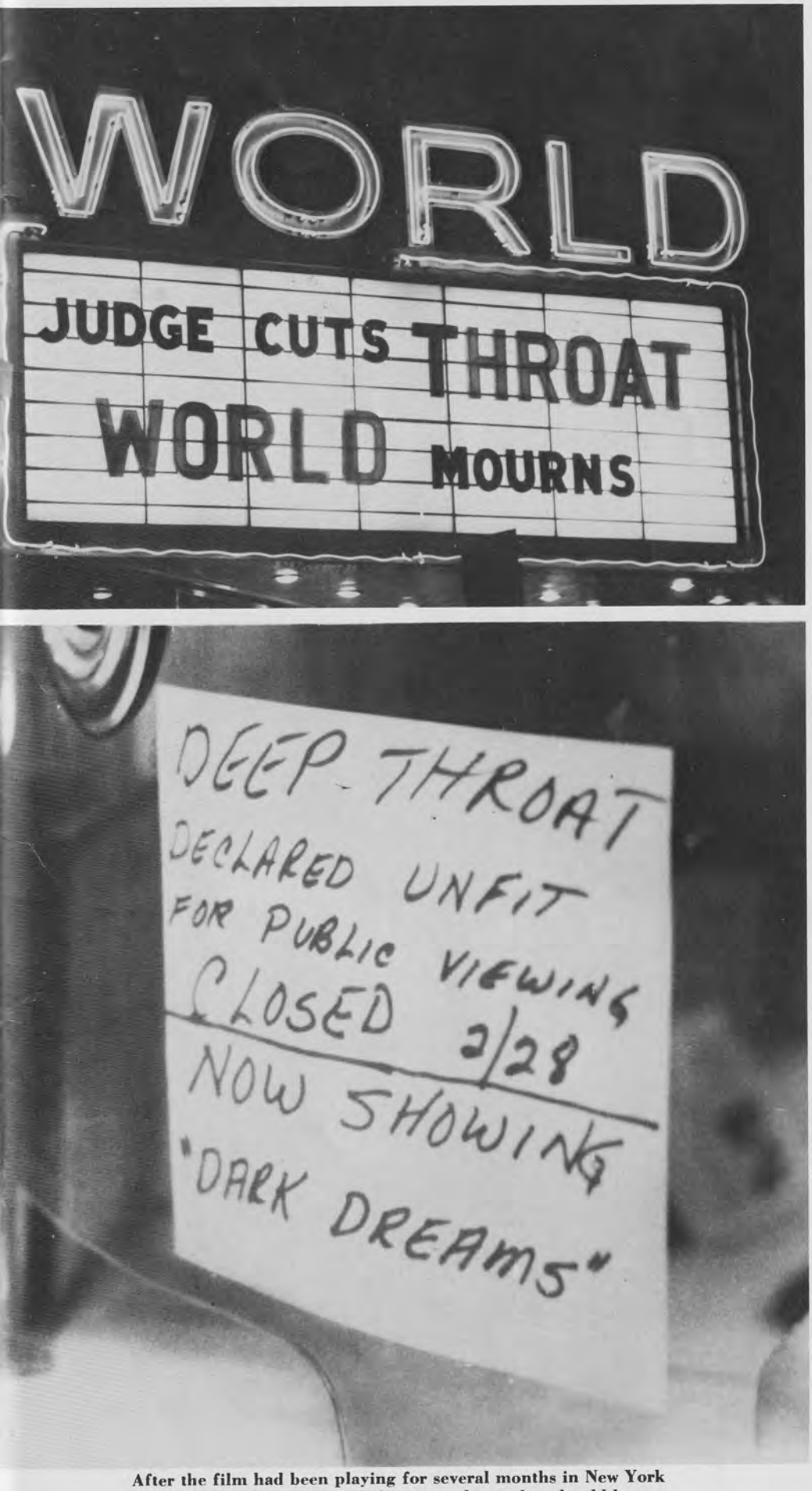
Nora: *But why do you do it?*

Linda: *Well, it's kinda hot in Texas.*

It goes on like this, with Linda only divulging the bare facts about herself that have already been widely publicized: She's 21, from Texas, and it was that same boyfriend she's still with who taught her how to do the trick with her throat.

No, she doesn't talk about what, if anything, she did for a living before *Deep Throat—I was just going to get a job as a topless dancer or something.*

There's not much here to threaten feminist idiology. What Linda threatens is, well, deeper. Nora Ephron was honest enough to confess that she felt "uptight." And no wonder, for Linda comes on with this attitude of "I'm not hungup—life's just a goof—what's *your*



After the film had been playing for several months in New York City, Judge Joel L. Tyler ruled it was a throat that should be cut.

problem?" She flattens feminist egos to the ground as easily as she evokes male erections, it seems.

Linda may do some good. For one thing, she really wants to help people get over their sex hangups. She doesn't laugh at the erotically disabled, she's sympathetic. Still, she doesn't take the missionary slant of the sexual freedom people. She doesn't try to make sex "holy." She lets sex be hysterically funny, in fact, and this, along with her miraculous throat is one of her major contributions to the porn genre. It used to be only the audience laughed. . . .

Deep Throat gives skin flick makers something to strive for, all right. Theaters all over the country are advertising, "If you've seen *Throat,* you'll like. . . ." but if any other films are as good, they haven't managed to get the publicity.

What's more, *Deep Throat* elevates giving head to new status as a sex act, so that the talk about where female orgasms come from is apt to be revived. Dr. David Reuben and the clitoromaniac feminists may consider the question closed, but anyone who reads the fine print in Masters and Johnson knows that women can have real climactic spasms after as much as a brush of the breasts or the sight of a naked man. A misplaced clitoris may not be quite credible, but the orgasm through fellatio may not be such a one-sided thing as it's usually thought to be.

At any rate, giving head ranks high in explicit erotic entertainment. The New York Erotic Film Festival opened with a live example this year, as guests stood around with their drinks in their hands and photographers kept clicking their shutters. Everybody seemed to be having fun playing *voyeur*. Then one man made a crack that revealed he'd seen better.

"A *Deep Throat* she ain't," he said.

No, Linda Lovelace doesn't have to be there to make her influence felt, and for better or worse, among head-givers and head-lovers her influence is going to be felt for some time. ●●●

sherry

Learning to be a model has its pitfalls. Wryly, this girl tells us, "How do you make Sherry whine?—it's easy, don't pay her." She snickers, but rushes on, "I've had that scene. I learned 'whining' doesn't get it about the same time I learned to avoid working for anyone who might weasel out of paying." She works in all fields by making the rounds of advertising agencies and photographers and leaving photos of herself with resumes. She also poses both nude and clothed for private art teachers as well as art and photography schools.

"To me, it's a business," she says, "just as much as running a hot dog stand. Only as a model I sell my face and figure instead of hot dogs." Sherry limits herself to modeling. She tried the television acting bit, but got nowhere. "I would have made more by just sticking to modeling," she says, "so that's what I'm doing now."

NUDITY in the NEWS

BY ROBERT JUXTON

A VARIETY OF REPORTS ABOUT PROFESSIONAL NUDITY AND ITS EVER-INCREASING POPULARITY IN ALL THE PERFORMING ARTS— FROM MODELING TO MOVIES; FROM BALLET TO NIGHTCLUBS!

LAST TANGO IN PARIS IS THE SEXIEST MAJOR FILM EVER MADE!

When anyone attempts to write a history of sex in the movies, there are certain "landmark" films which must be discussed in detail—*The Outlaw, The Moon Is Blue, I Am Curious, Yellow* and . . . make no mistake about it, *Last Tango In Paris*. As in the other films mentioned, this one goes substantially beyond anything which has preceded it in terms of sexual candor.

Yes, it is true that some hard-core films have gone beyond Tango, but they are calculated to appeal to a limited audience and they never attain wide distribution. Not even the current rage of the underground movie set, *Deep Throat,* is in the same league with Tango. This is at least partially due to the fact Marlon Brando stars in Tango. And if you thought he was great in his Oscar-winning performance as *The Godfather,* wait until you see him in this one! Reviewers are virtually unanimous in the opinion that Brando's performance in this film is even *better* than his portrayal of *The Godfather*.

Brando plays the role of an American in Paris, Paul, whose wife has committed suicide. He has inherited a flophouse. He is 45 years old. While looking at an apartment, he meets Jeanne, who is less than half his

***Last Tango In Paris* will be talked about and written about for many years to come. It breaks many sexual barriers for films.**

age. It's a case of lust at first sight. They have sex in a bare room without knowing even so much as each other's names.

They meet in the apartment for the next three days. And what takes place is primarily the subjugation of a woman through a series of sexual encounters. Paul tells her what to do and Jeanne cannot resist obeying. She will do anything and everything he wants . . . and what he wants includes anal intercourse.

As long as he is content with physical domination, Paul is her master. When he wants something more than a physical relationship, he loses out. She is no longer interested—they have had their moment; it's over.

Maria Schneider, a long-legged beauty with a baby face, makes her acting debut as Jeanne. As reviewer Pauline Kael said: *Maria Schneider's freshness—Jeanne's ingenuous corrupt innocence—give the film a special radiance. When she lifts her wedding dress to her waist, smiling coquettishly as she exposes her pubic hair, she's in a great film tradition of irresistibly naughty girls.*

IT'S A MATTER OF TASTE SAYS *DEEP THROAT* STAR

Linda Lovelace is an interviewer's delight . . . and everyone who hasn't done so yet wants to interview her. The star of *Deep Throat* has been on several television talk shows and gotten a page in *Time*. During one interview she was asked if she enjoyed the taste of semen. She replied: *Oh, yeah, I do. I can't understand why other chicks get so totally turned off by it. I never spit it out! Oh no! Un-unhh!*

The interviewer asked her to describe the taste. She said: *I really couldn't describe the taste . . . you'd have to taste it. Try it. Or ask me after I've got some in my mouth and I could tell you. But right now I can't. It just tastes good to me. But when a guy comes down my throat I don't taste it then. And I feel cheated.*

NUDIST CAMPS— HOW SOME "SURVIVE"

In an era of swingers parties and clubs, the nudist camp of a few decades ago has almost become an anachronism. No one is very interested anymore. Rather than fold, some of the camps have drastically altered their character—For example, the Tree House Fun Ranch in San Bernardino, California. Ostensibly a swingers' club, it doesn't quite live up to the usual expectations. They did get a fairly large crowd there not long ago for the Eighth Annual Miss Nude Cosmos Pageant. By virtue of cash prizes totalling $1,500, some thirty girls were persuaded to parade across stage, for viewing by the judges . . . and a crowd of spectators which consisted almost exclusively of middle-aged men.

The girls were almost all familiar faces—either as nude models or for their nude roles in minor films. Kathy Hilton won top prize of $1,000 for her brief stroll (but was asked not to cash her check for a week!). Mercedes Morgan collected $200 for second place. An unknown girl from Arizona won $100 for her third-place finish, and Tracy Handfuss got $75 for coming in fourth. The other girls? Well, presumably there's a contest circuit working and they'll be winners somewhere along the line!

FILM PRODUCER FREED: ORAL COPULATION LAW VOIDED

As the result of acts which took place during the filming of *Virgin Awakening* and *A Lesson In Love,* Tom Parker, the producer and director, was arrested for allegedly violating a California State law governing oral copulation. The District Attorney's office told the court it was prosecuting the offense because it took place "in a public place"—to wit, a sound stage.

Superior Court Judge Harry V. Peetris ruled that the law making oral copulation a crime was unconstitutional, and dismissed the complaint.

A month earlier, another judge in the Los Angeles area had made a similar ruling in a case involving eight performers in a film. The ruling at that time was to the effect that the law was unconstitutional as applied to consenting adults.

The District Attorney's office said it would appeal the rulings in both cases. ●●●

Girls have discovered there's a "circuit" of nudist beauty contests—all offering healthy cash prizes!

CAROL SAYS THAT SHE HAS FOUND MODELING TO BE AS BENEFICIAL FOR HER AS PSYCHOTHERAPY IS FOR OTHERS. "I HAD A VERY BAD SELF-IMAGE. I DIDN'T BELIEVE I WAS AT ALL ATTRACTIVE. WHEN A PHOTOGRAPHER ASKED ME TO POSE, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT."

AFTER MANY MODELING SESSIONS AND SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS IN INCOME, SHE'S BEEN FORCED TO CHANGE HER VIEW: "HOW CAN I ARGUE WHEN PHOTOGRAPHERS CONTINUALLY CALL ASKING ME TO POSE? AND PEOPLE STOP ME TO SAY THEY'VE SEEN A SET OF PUBLISHED PHOTOS AND THEY WERE BEAUTIFUL—THAT I AM A GREAT MODEL, AND ALL THAT? SO, WITH ALL THIS, I HAVE HAD TO ACCEPT THAT I'M NOT REALLY THE 'UGLY DUCKLING' I THOUGHT MYSELF TO BE. AND I CAN TELL YOU IT HAS BEEN A THOROUGHLY HAPPY REALIZATION."

Top Pros

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IDA

Her parents so loved their adopted state of Idaho that they gave their daughter half its name. They were natives of California but found the smog and attitudes of the people growing ever less acceptable to them, so they got out. Ida, however, disagrees with their views and, as soon as she was old enough, kissed off Idaho and returned to "where the action is," as she puts it. And for her, there's been plenty of action in the modeling field. Photographers love her, and, of course, so does **Line & Form.**

were exported didn't show sexual activities; they showed pretty girls. These "bathing beauties," girls identified as actresses and other lovelies, were the ancestors of cheesecake.

Both France and America are noted for being democratic (more so than England, at least), and the widespread publication of pinup pictures in France and in America are an example of the democratic spirit. While England kept erotica of a more extreme sort reserved for the wealthy and decadent few, America and France used mass production techniques to bring pictures that were provocative into the reach of middle-class and working men.

Besides being democratic, it was good business.

The earliest French postcards used art rather than photos. Famous names like Toulouse-Lautrec and Bonnard are signed beneath some of the depictions of titillating poses. In the early 1900s, the French began reproducing photos on postcards. Meanwhile, Americans brought out magazines—all kinds of magazines. Even the early issues of *Cosmopolitan,* founded in 1886, featured "tasteful" pinup pictures.

So much for history. Sociology and, believe it or not, class struggle, play an important part in cheesecake and erotic photography even today.

Some cheesecake is undeniably high-class. Photos of Marilyn Monroe wearing almost anything and Playmates of the Month fall into this category. The high-class cheesecake photo shows a girl who is perfect in just about every way. Breasts are bigger than average, proportions match and skin is flawless with nary a pimple or a stretch mark.

What's the appeal of these girls who are *too good to be true?* Some men explain their attraction as a "Nothing's too good for me" attitude. Then there's the theory of escapism. The girl who is perfect is remote from one's own wife or girlfriend, so she provides a ticket for a never-never land far removed from mundane experience.

Yet, for some men these ideal creatures remain unapproachable and unattainable. No matter how saucily they gaze out from the picture, something in them says "no."

So there have to be cheesecake pictures that are less than perfect, more believable. No, they're not ugly. The girls may be just as young, but they have realistic flaws: a mole on the thigh, marks that show where breasts developed too fast in adolescence, laugh lines in the face, proportions that are more individual than ideal.

Some cheesecake deliberately tries to avoid the "girl next door" look and goes to the other extreme. Even Mark Gabor seems to miss the point of photos that show sleazy surroundings, smudged lipstick, stockings with runs. Esthetics aside, there's something very naughtily erotic about that "wrong side of the tracks" girl.

Maybe it's all a carry over from the times when there were supposed to be two kinds of women: good and bad, or wives and whores. Anyway, the girl who looks less well-kept, less perfect, somehow conveys the idea that she knows things other women don't know. And she's highly approachable.

In the '60s, the cheesecake tradition and old-fashioned explicit erotica merged. Or you might say, the more graphic pictures became socially acceptable, which meant they could be distributed more widely and ceased to be prohibitively expensive. Democracy catches up with all kinds of things.

First pubic hair showed up, then legs began to spread. More than a few models now seem to be turning themselves on. As Gabor writes, "Where a model once touched her breast coyly, as an affectation, today she might fondle herself with undisguised pleasure."

What's different about the new pictures is that they show outright what traditional cheesecake merely hinted at. A man used to have to imagine what the model would look like with her G-string off or her legs apart; now it's all there for him to see. You have the "strip" without the "tease." Gabor suggests that the "end of the need for peekaboo titillation" may be at hand, and goes on to call the new erotic pictures "tasteless."

Gabor's position partakes of the current anti-erotic backlash, it seems to me, and his attitude coincides with that of many exponents of women's lib. What's more, I think it's possible to share his nostalgia for the quaint and coy cheesecake pictures of times gone by without putting down the pictures that have replaced them.

Old-fashioned cheesecake had served its purpose in an era that misunderstood women, an era that accepted widespread frigidity as a fact of life. It was a "Does she or doesn't she?" predicament, and the sly smiles of the cheesecake girl often betray her sense of ill-ease with sex.

Also real live women imitated the cheesecake girls in being "teases." Every girl wanted to turn men on, but to satisfy them or to satisfy herself wasn't, well, quite as well thought of, fun though it might be. The cheesecake era was certainly an era of narcissistic women who were often afraid of their own bodies and the fires that raged within.

Things have changed—and for the better, I think. The girl who poses split-beaver or turning on with her vibrator has got to get over any hangups about her body and her desires or she'll retire from modeling after the first session. Learning to pose split-beaver can be one hell-uva breakthrough in feminine self-acceptance, and I'd argue this point with any liberationist who'd care to take me on.

The real breakthrough, though, isn't just in girls getting up the nerve to pose this way, but in the society that now allows it to happen and the men, in particular, who keep wanting to see more of the same. It's as though the world had finally agreed that turned-on women are a good thing, and that women at their barest are pretty.

Men, why didn't you tell us just to undress and spread 'em while we were busy searching for the tightest sweaters and sheerest hose to tease you with? Or were we too busy playing peekaboo to hear you? We thought you liked us better for being coy and keeping part of us hidden. What a silly game it was. You see, we really didn't know how much you cared. ●●●

Betsy

There was a song long ago about a girl called "Sweet Betsy from Pike." Our Betsy isn't from long ago but very "now" and she's not from Pike but Hardin, Montana—though she really grew up in Butte, which had quite an influence on her.

My family must've lived in every town in the state," she says, recalling Glendive with affection, and a love affair in Wolf Point she'd rather forget. She left home with the idea of going to Hollywood, but had only enough money to get to Fallon, Nevada. After a year there, she went to Sparks and then Winnemucca. Modeling in Hollywood is all she hoped.

Knowing what he intended to do, Marcy screamed, "No, Sammy! Call him off. I'll do it. I'll do anything. Just don't let him hurt Mike!"

HER BODY'S NOT FOR PAY

For Sammy, she had become a topless dancer, for Sammy she had danced nude, but now he wanted Marcy to sleep with his bookie, and she refused. That is, she refused until Sammy threatened to kill the one man who had loved her without asking for anything.

By Marc Shores

He was short. Because his shoulders were unusually narrow, his face took on an angular look that could become almost gaunt when stretched taut with anger. It was that way now. From forehead to chin, he resembled an ax!

"You'll do it, Marcy!" he said, his eyes narrowing, his nostrils flared. "We're talking abbut a lot of bread. You'll do it, goddammit!"

Always before, Marcy had backed down when Sammy confronted her like this. But tonight was different.

"No, I will not!" she answered, defiantly meeting his glare. "I'll dance in your club. I'll strip naked and let every guy in the joint see my body. I'll even do the squats. But I will not let one of them ball me just because it will put a lot of money in your pocket!"

"Not my pocket, baby. *Our* pocket. Can't you understand? This is for both of us."

Marcy shook her head. This was Sammy's last ploy. First would come the anger. Then the pretty words.

From the beginning, he had said *for us. For us,* Marcy had stopped working as a cocktail waitress and taken a job dancing topless. It would give them more money, Sammy had argued.

For us, she had given up her neat little apartment on Melrose Avenue and moved into Sammy's place in the Valley, paying three month's back rent for him at the same time.

For us, she had let herself be talked into dancing totally nude. For the past seven months she had been doing everything except actually having intercourse on the stage. She did it hoping that Sammy would get jealous of other men's greedy stares and tell her she didn't have to do that anymore; that he would marry her as he had promised so many *for us's* ago.

And now . . . *for us* . . . he wanted her to go to bed with a little bug of a man whose very stare made Marcy's flesh crawl.

"Not *for us,*" she said very softly. "Not anymore, Sammy. For *you. You* owe that little creep the money. *You* ran up a tab in his

bookie joint. And *you* are the one who's going to have to pay it. Not me. Not ever again. We're through!"

Sammy didn't say anything. He just looked at her for several long seconds as he slowly shook his head back and forth. Then Marcy saw his hand slip beneath his desk, and she knew he was pressing the buzzer that would bring Angelo on the run!

"You'd sic that big goon on me?" she asked.

Sammy's eyelids lowered. "Why not? You're willing to see me get my head blown off. That's what Mickey will do, you know, once he learns I can't pay him."

Marcy couldn't hear the footsteps because the outer hall was thickly carpeted, but she could feel them. The floor of the room quivered with each lumbering step Angelo was taking.

"You'd let your bouncer beat me up? After all we've been through? You'd let him hurt me just because I won't prostitute myself?"

Sammy shrugged. "You've got a choice, you know."

Fear bathed Marcy's stomach. She didn't want Angelo to hurt her.

Angelo barged in. "You buzzed . . . ?" he said, looking at Sammy.

In one blurred motion, Marcy shoved past him and ran into the hallway. She heard Sammy yell "Get that broad!" and Angelo's heavy steps came lumbering after her.

Reaching the sidewalk, she ran toward a cab stand. A lone cab was parked there. "Please," she said, "Get me out of here. Hurry!"

A stubby little man with a butch haircut was sitting behind the wheel. He looked at Marcy, then turned to see Angelo run out of the club. "I gotcha," he said, "I wouldn't want that ape after me, either."

The cab lunged away from the curb just as Angelo grabbed at the door.

"Where to?" the cabby asked.

"I . . . I really don't know."

"You wanna tell me about it?"

Marcy took a good look at him. He was probably past fifty. His short-cropped hair was graying at the temples. His face was lined. But as wrinkled and craggy as it was, it was nevertheless a kind face with eyes that reflected interest and compassion.

With a sigh, Marcy rested her elbows on the back of the front seat and placed her chin against her cupped hands. "OK, I guess I have to talk to someone."

It took her half an hour to tell him everything. By then, the meter registered almost fifteen dollars and they were almost at the opposite end of the city.

"Where you gonna stay?" the cabby asked. "You got any ideas at all?"

"No. Sammy and Angelo will be waiting for me if I try to make it to my apartment."

"How about my place? It ain't very fancy, but it's neat and clean. Nobody will bother you. I can promise that. Hell, kid. I'm all alone. My wife died a few years ago and I've been rattling around inside that house all by myself ever since. It would be a pleasure to have someone to keep me company. Hell, you'd be doing me a favor."

Marcy found herself nodding her head. "Well, all right. If I won't be too much of a bother, that is."

His house was a neat little two-bedroom place located on the eastern edge of the city. It was obvious that a woman had once lived there. Chintz curtains still adorned the living room windows. A handmade tablecloth covered the kitchen table. Doilies, which had been ornamentally laced, covered the arms of sofa and easy chairs.

The cabby held up a bottle of bourbon. Marcy nodded her head. "Thanks. I could use one right about now."

She swallowed her drink, grateful for the warmth of it that helped wash away some of the fear that had been deep inside. "What's your name?"

"Mike. Mike Overbrook. What's yours?"

"Marcy Bannington. Nice to meet you, Mike. You are really a nice man. Or has someone already told you that?"

His eyes took on a faraway look. "Once, years ago. Not since then. Perhaps not ever again."

She knew he was talking about his dead wife. He seemed to withdraw for a moment, as if remembering other times when life had been full and rewarding, when he had been able to share his hours with someone he loved.

"You can stay as long as you like, Marcy," he said. "And you don't have to worry about me trying anything funny. Hell, I've got suits hanging up in the closet that are older than you."

"I'm twenty-seven years old. And you're not so old that you've forgotten what making love to a woman is like."

"I didn't say that," he replied, his face coloring. "There's been more than one woman in here since Alma died."

Marcy smiled. "I believe you, Mike. A woman doesn't go to bed with a man simply because of his looks."

Mike started to laugh. "Sure, and you're telling me I'm a homely man."

"Well, you're not what I'd call handsome, but you are kind and considerate, and you do care for your fellow man—and those are three good reasons why most women would want to be with you."

She got to her feet. Purposely, she threw her arms out wide and stood on tiptoes in an exaggerated yawn that flattened her belly and drew her large breasts taut beneath her silk blouse. "Mike, do you mind if I take a little nap?"

He led her into the bedroom. "I . . . uh . . . I'll change the sheets, I didn't know I'd have company."

Marcy unbuttoned her blouse. "Don't bother, I'd happily sleep on the floor."

"Does that mean you'll be staying here until you find the right way to go?"

"You make it sound as if I'm doing you the favor, Mike. Yes, I do want to stay. But it's you that's giving. And I want you to know I know it!"

She wasn't wearing a brassiere. Her huge breasts stood firm atop her rib cage, their dusky nipples growing taut as they were exposed to the change in temperature.

Mike looked at them, then

turned and started to walk out of the room.

"You don't have to go, Mike," Marcy said, feeling a great warmth for the kind-hearted cabby.

He turned and walked slowly toward her, his eyes never leaving hers. "Are you sure? I mean, I meant what I said about not pestering you."

"I'm sure," she answered, unzipping her skirt and stepping out of it.

When they were naked and upon the bed, she closed her eyes and lifted her face to Mike's. Their lips brushed, then locked. Marcy sucked Mike's pulsing member deep inside and caressed its sides with her tongue. She shivered as she felt his strong hands begin to move over her soft belly, her waist, her hips. One hand slid beneath her rump to cup one of her buttocks. His other hand moved over the silken sheen of hair that covered her perfume-scented woman's mound. His forefinger inched between the lips of her slit and moved up and down until the entire area was as lubricated as her inner core.

His fingertip moved up to locate her love-nub, he ground against it in slow, circular, movements that soon had her rotating her buttocks against the sheet.

"Kiss it, Mike!" she whispered, gently pressing her hand against the top of his head.

He moved his mouth from her breasts and nibbled at her flesh with his lips as he slid downward. His tongue-tip made the muscles beneath her belly-skin ripple as he continued downward.

Once between her opened thighs, he pushed his face into her hot moistness.

Marcy could feel him draw her clit between his lips, feel his tongue begin to move against the love-nub in tight little circles. She writhed in anticipation. Her buttocks trembled as his tongue moved faster. Digging her fingernails into his scalp, she began to bounce up and down with gathering speed. "That's it, Mike!" she cried. "That's it. Don't stop. Oh, Mike . . . Mike. Don't stop."

As Marcy approached climax, Mike's tongue moved faster and harder. Both hands were now kneading the flesh of her buttocks.

Mike's expert tonguing brought Marcy's passion to a peak. As it burst into full blossom, she arched upward and stiffened. The walls of her sex became lined with the sticky sweet fluid of love's ecstasy. Her hands balled into fists and beat against the now-damp sheets as Mike kept his mouth locked to her slit and rubbed his tongue back and forth against her clit without letup.

"Oh, God!" she cried, letting him draw from the depths of her passion. "Mike . . . Mike . . . what are you doing to me?"

Moments later, he moved up from between her legs. Marcy felt his penis start to enter her. She suddenly wanted that more than anything else. "Oh, yes, Mike, darling," she whispered as his thick shaft slid into her, "oh, that's so *good!*"

Darkness had enveloped the room. Marcy was limp from exhaustion. Each time she had reached climax, he laid unmoving for several long minutes, his rigid flesh-pole still buried deep within her. Then he would start again. And after a while, she would once more feel the ecstatic rise of fulfillment begin to build within her depths.

She lay back and closed her eyes. The last thing she was aware of before falling into a contented slumber was Mike's hand as it rested against one of her breasts.

A buzzing noise penetrated her slumber and she tried to reject its intrusion. She felt Mike rise from the bed but she let herself drift off again. Only when she heard the door slam shut did she snap to complete awareness.

She heard a man's voice. It was a raspy sound that reminded her of sandpaper rubbing against wood. She sat up with sudden, trembling, fear. It was Sammy's voice!

At that moment, Mike was shoved into the bedroom. "I'm sorry, kid, I didn't think this guy would be able to find us."

—continued on page 57

"The prices of the loaf of bread and jug of wine were so high, I only have two bits left to pay thou."

MARSHA

The many loves of Marsha include crocheting and designing and making her own jewelry. Yes, the unusual metal brassiere she's wearing is one of her creations. And the bedspread is yet another!

foto-graph
San Francisco

Modeling is pushed into a small corner of her busy life, but it's a most important corner for it supports her while she's going to college. Her interest in ecology is reflected by her major—which is . . . sanitation engineering!

HER BODY'S NOT FOR PAY, ***continued from page 53***

Angelo entered the room. Sammy was right behind him. Sammy said, "All we had to do was get this jerk's license plate number. The rest was easy." He nodded at the small pile of Marcy's clothes lying on the floor. "Get dressed, baby. We can't keep my man waiting all night. He says he'll give me an extension on the dough I owe him. But he expects you to be with him as evidence of good faith."

"I won't go to bed with him, Sammy!" Marcy said.

Sammy nodded in Angelo's direction. "Well, then, I guess I'll just have to let my buddy teach you some respect."

Mike said, "What do you think I'll be doing all this time?"

Sammy nodded at Angelo. The massive goon shuffled toward the cabby.

Knowing what he intended to do, Marcy screamed. "No, Sammy! Call him off. I'll do it. I'll do anything. Just don't let him hurt Mike!"

Smiling, Sammy snapped his fingers. A disappointed look pouted Angelo's cruel mouth as he stopped walking.

Marcy got out of bed and started putting her clothes on. "You win," she said, again fighting the tears that scaled her eyes.

When she was fully clothed, she walked out onto Mike's front porch. Sammy was right in front of her. Angelo was right behind. What happened after that occurred with sudden ferocity!

Shrieking like a madman, Mike came running out behind them and leaped onto Angelo's back. The force of his maddened attack sent Angelo forward into Marcy. In turn, Marcy pushed against Sammy, who stumbled, then fell face forward. His head struck the cement walk. Blood crimsoned a jagged gash on his forehead.

Angelo was the first to move. He threw Mike away from him and tried to get to his feet, then tumbled backward, unable to stand on a leg so badly broken the bone was sticking through his flesh. Screaming in agony, he clutched at his ankle and tried to pull it out from between the two porch steps in which it had been wedged.

"Call the police!" Mike yelled, getting up and running back toward Angelo to kick the hapless goon in the face. "Hurry, Marcy. Call the police!"

Marcy got to her feet and took a quick look at all three of them before running back inside the house. Sammy lay unmoving. Angelo was still clutching his broken ankle.

This one was dead the minute his head struck the cement!" a young detective explained to Mike and Marcy a short time later. "The force of his fall, coupled with your weight on his back, combined to snap his neck as if it had been a dried twig. From what I can see, you two can consider yourselves very lucky."

"What about Angelo?" Marcy asked.

The detective replied. "He's got a record. With you two testifying against him, he's a cinch to get fifteen, twenty years."

He tucked his notepad back into his coat pocket. "That's about it," he said, walking with his partner toward Mike's front door.

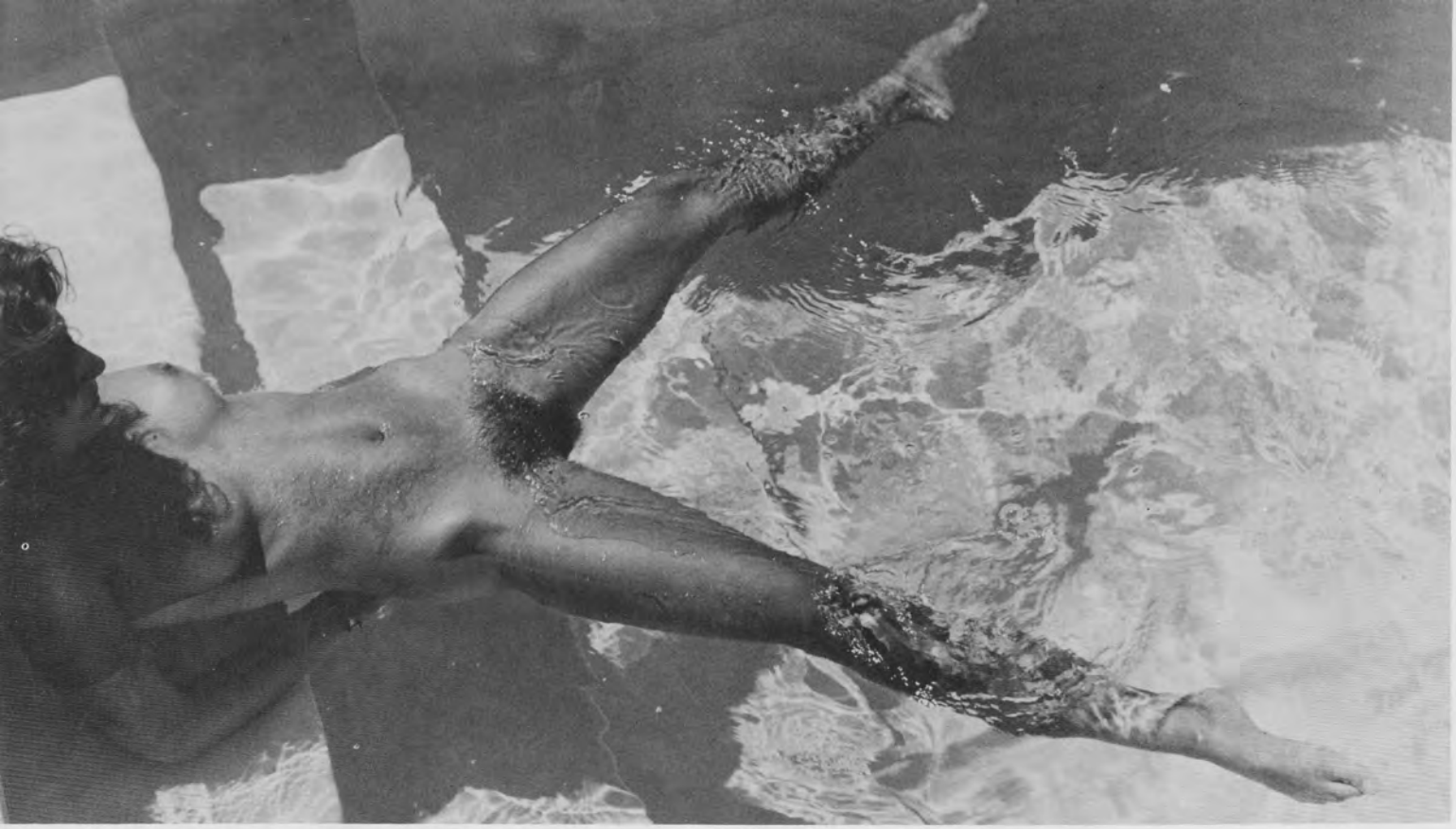
Marcy waited until Mike had closed the door behind the two detectives. Then, quickly, she ran into his arms and hugged herself tight against him. "Oh, Mike," she said, feeling more secure than she had felt in years. "You were wonderful!"

He kissed her. Then, still holding her face cupped between his hands, he said, "Would you still be staying with an old man like me?"

"Just try and stop me," Marcy answered.

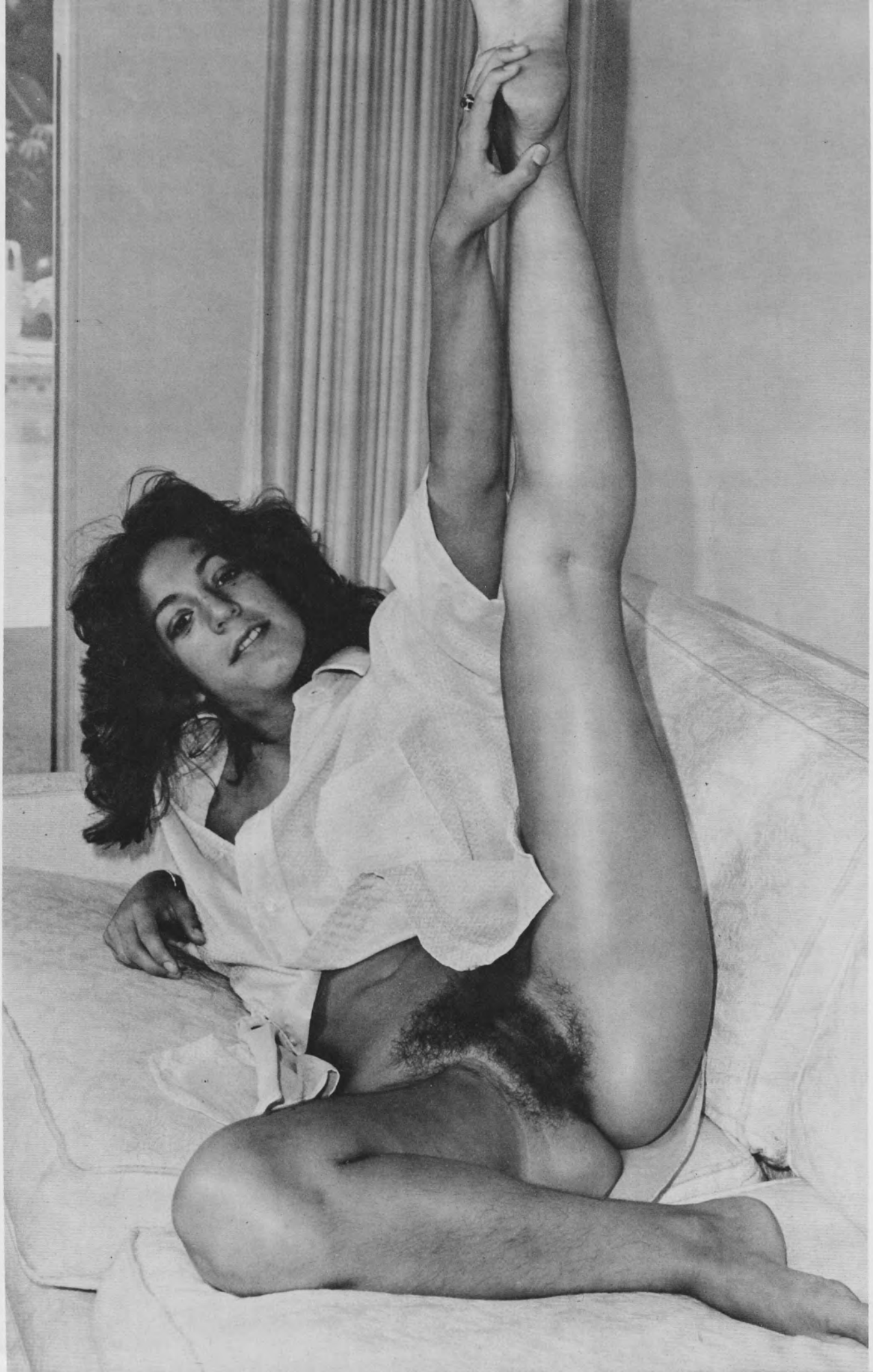
She began to laugh. It was laughter that bubbled with newfound happiness! ●●●

"I couldn't get any stag movies, however . . ."



EVELYN

EVELYN'S ROUTE INTO MODELING PASSED THROUGH SEVERAL NUDIST CAMPS. SHE ORIGINALLY WENT THERE FOR THE HIGHLY TOUTED HEALTH BENEFITS. ONE WEEKEND, SHE WAS BROKE AND A NEARBY CAMP WAS STAGING A BEAUTY CONTEST WITH A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR CASH PRIZE. EVELYN ENTERED AND WON SECOND PRIZE, WHICH WAS WORTH TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS. FOUR MORE CONTESTS AND A THOUSAND DOLLARS LATER, SHE AGREED TO POSE PRIVATELY FOR ONE OF THE MANY PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO ATTEND THE NUDIST BEAUTY CONTESTS. NOW, LESS THAN A YEAR LATER, SHE IS WORKING STEADILY AS A PHOTOGRAPHIC MODEL.



NEW ARRIVALS ON THE MODELING SCENE

Every year, from towns and cities all across the land they come—pouring into the great modeling centers of New York and Hollywood in search of adventure and adulation and, of course, money and, later, matrimony.

Some of the most beautiful girls find the ladder is too tough to climb and settle for marriage to the highest bidder or, more discreetly, the "best provider." And quite a few drift into other lines of endeavor, such as working in massage parlors in sundry capacities. A large number go home to marry their high-school steady. One can only look and wonder which fate will befall each girl. Will she or won't she be one of the very few who make it big in modeling? Inevitably, the ones you pick as "winners" quit early, and those you cross off as losers become famous! Handicapping models is even more difficult than trying to pick a longshot at the races!

THE UNADORNED
BEAUTY OF THE
FEMININE FORM